UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Monastic England

By FRANCIS NEILSON

The Story of Channing—His Life, Thought and World-wide Influence

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

Industrial Democracy

By CURTIS W. REESE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVI THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1920 Number 10

PRAYER.

In our weakness we would rest in Thy strength; in our hatreds we would find Thy love; in our ignorance we would seek Thy wisdom; in our loneliness we would find companionship with Thee, Infinite Nearness, ever present Order, dominating Law, conquering Love, Thou who hast worked through all the ages, who holdest sway through all changes and dost abide ever in our hearts, dost answer our crying and meet our wants before we realize them, we pray Thee to strengthen, sweeten and comfort us, and guide us in the paths of peace and the ways of love forevermore. Help us to rest in Thee, O Thou infinite Power, to find our strength in Thee, Thou Eternal One, to find our lives in Thee, the Universal Love. Amen.

J. LL. J.

The Editors of Unity need the help of its subscribers and friends in increasing its circulation and thus extending its influence. If each subscriber would become a canvasser for the paper, its circulation would be doubled in a few weeks. Why not help (a) by asking the office for sample copies for distribution in your church or neighborhood; (b) by giving a year's subscription to Unity as a Christmas present to your brother, or father, or friend, or minister; (c) by giving a Unity subscription to your local public library or city club or women's club?

The first Thanksgiving had the inestimable advantage over all later celebrations of the day, in being a spontaneous affair. The settlers in Plymouth, after unexampled hardships, had survived the winter, and laid in an adequate food supply for the coming season of cold. There was cause for thanksgiving in such an achievement, and right reverently did the Pilgrims use it. Since that initial time, however, Thanksgiving Day has come as a regularly-recurring anniversary. At a certain hour of each year, regardless of what has happened in the past or may be expected to happen in the future, we are asked to be duly thankful, which is very similar to being ordered to be happy. Like an actor who at eight-thirty each evening must assume a role and go through a performance, we rise to the occasion on the last Thursday of each November, and strive to play our part in the annual national drama of Gratitude. It is not to be wondered at that frequently the performance is not convincing. Thus, during the War, it became increasingly difficult each year to be thankful for anything that was going on in the world. Even now, two years after the Armistice, there seems little reason for rejoicing as we look upon the failure of all the fruitage which we hoped the struggle might bring us. It is doubtful, however, if the rites of Thanksgiving even at the worst times, are in vain. There is much, after all, in the psychology of attitude. To assume a posture, is oftentimes the sure way of producing the spiritual reaction which the posture is supposed to represent. Many an actor has found that the attempt to simulate an emotion, brings the emotion genuinely into being. Professor James's assertion that we are joyful because we laugh and sorrowful because we cry—that the inward psychological experience is the result rather than the cause of the outward physical action—is an unforgettable discovery. Just to insist, therefore, on expressing thanks, even when thanks seem least in place, is to go far toward saving the stricken soul. The annual Thanksgiving festival, especially at times like these, is a challenge and a purge. At the least, it lifts us to the stoic courage of Henley's "Invictus"—

> Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.

At the most it exalts us to the sublime faith of Paul's ecstatic cry—

> Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory.

Wherefore, dear comrades, let us give thanks!

Among other projects that went to the scrap-heap on November 2nd last, was the program for universal military training. The Republicans, to be sure, are in no way opposed to the idea of compulsory service; on the contrary, the "big chiefs" and most of the little chiefs of the G. O. P. are probably in favor of it. But they have other plans much nearer their hearts' desire than this; they want to get rid of direct taxation, and they are unwilling to stir up unnecessarily such popular hostility as they know exists in many sections of the country to the military training idea. It is extremely unlikely, therefore, that we shall see any serious revival of the scheme during the Harding administration. When such hide-bound reactionaries and strict party men as Penrose of Pennsylvania and Watson of Indiana pledge themselves against the proposal, we may well believe that the jig is up. But this does not mean that the fight against militarism is over. On the contrary, one innocent egg is now being nested which, if not broken, will hatch out a serpent of the most dangerous description. We refer to Section 69 of the Wadsworth Army Reorganization Act which provided that the draft act should automatically go into effect whenever the President or Congress declared "a national emergency" to exist. This was stricken out at the eleventh hour in the last session of Congress, in an-

swer to loud and indignant public protest. But now rises up Congressman Kahn, a "Prussian" from California, to announce his determination to resurrect Section 69, and have it passed as a "rider" on the next army appropriation bill! This means, of course, the establishment of conscription as a permanent peace time policy. If war with Mexico should suddenly seem desirable, "a national emergency" could immediately be declared by proclamation or resolution, our sons drafted into the army over night, and we imprisoned for "interfering with the draft" if we dared so much as to open our lips in protest. The time to scotch this serpent is *now*. Let the country show that it is as wide awake before election as after.

The liquidation of the moral and spiritual bankruptcy of the Interchurch World Movement is a melancholy piece of business, but it is being undertaken with courage, common-sense and honesty. The first task is the discharge of existing indebtedness, which amounts to millions of dollars. This, of course, is underwritten by various denominational organizations, which never expected to be obliged to pay a cent, and which may now be all but ruined in the process of "making good"; but the money will be forthcoming and the debt canceled. More important, from the longer and higher viewpoint at least, is the question of salvage. Before its collapse, the Interchurch Movement had done a large amount of valuable work, especially in the field of statistical investigation and social survey. Why should this not be saved and used by existing religious societies? To this end, it is now being proposed that the Federal Council of Churches should be proclaimed the heir of the defunct Interchurch organization, and carry on whatever of its work may still be regarded as worth while. No better *denouement* of the tragedy, we believe, could be conceived. The Federation is firmly established, ably officered, and on the whole of a free and progressive spirit. It is competent in every way to undertake this necessary task.

CRIME WAVE COVERS THE WORLD.

We believe that never before in the history of the world has there been so many

Payroll holdups	Burglaries
Holdups	Bank burglaries and holdups
Murderous attacks	Mercantile burglaries

and defaults on the part of trusted employes, such as have been experienced in the past eighteen months! There are probably ten of the above crimes committed to each fire. . . . The recent increase in the crime wave throughout America has greatly increased in ratio.

This is an advertisement recently published by the National Surety Company of New York. This company, of course, is after business, and may therefore be trusted not to minimize the necessity of getting insured against robberies and assaults. But when all due allowance has been made for the self-interest involved in this statement, it still remains true that it is based substantially on fact. The increase in crime since the close of the Great War, is one of the most terrifying phenomena of the times. Word of what was taking place first came from the Central Empires, where people were most miserable and desperate. Then came accounts of violence from France, England and Italy; and now at last from our own country. What is at work to these evil ends, is not difficult to define. The simple truth is that the War is again reaping its harvest of consequences. This struggle, which was to discipline men to order and mutual regard, regenerate the nations morally, bring to the world a great "spiritual revival," has done just the opposite. It has corrupted mankind, taught the race the methods and justification of violence. Think of dedicating men for years to the task of killing, destroying, looting, and then expecting these same men to return home as angels of peace and light! Again is it demonstrated that we cannot grow grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. Violence taught as a duty at the front in war-time is all too easily transformed into violence practiced as an indulgence at home in peace-time. The crime wave, as we call it, is only a part of the back-wash of the War.

Another deplorable consequence of the War is noted in a recent issue of the *Churchmen,* where it is pointed out that divorce statistics in the Allied countries have become positively "terrifying." In 1913, 5,160 divorces were granted in France; in 1919, 8,097 divorces were granted; and every month now is marking an increase in the number of cases. "Divorce," says M. Henri Bordeaux, "is almost a fashionable thing; to seek a dissolution of marriage has become a custom, like that of not paying one's landlord." The connection of the War with this situation is indicated by the very common refusal of wives who were living happily with their husbands before the fatal August of 1914, to reunite with them. Conspicuous also is the passionate insistence of many women on the right to live their own lives in their own way.

"So it has been after other wars," says the editor of the *Churchman.* "War is the most demoralizing force known to history, but should we have another world war in 1950, we wonder whether our preachers and poets would not hail the event as a means of spiritual redemption just as they did in 1914?"

We venture to say that they would! Every war is a great moral event until it is over, and then we see that it has been nothing but a moral debauch, the corruptive effects of which have ruined the generation involved, and from which the next generation is fortunate indeed if it escapes.

It was on the walls of a Boston and Maine Railroad station, and was a War Savings Stamp advertisement of the United States Government. It was ad-

dressed to "new Americans," and was printed in seven different languages. At the head of the poster was this sentence: "America has a place for your ideals and welcomes your ideas." This is a statement which once brought the blush of pride to the cheek of every American—but now, alas, brings only the blush of shame. For it once was true, but now is true no more! Thousands of raids and arrests and trials and imprisonments and deportations during the past three years, prove that America has *no* place for the immigrant's ideals, and gives *no* welcome to his ideas. Many a Russian among us has communistic ideals—have we any place for them at our counsel table? Many a German or Italian has socialistic ideas—are they welcomed into the New York legislature, the public schools or the Christian churches? Why not be honest with ourselves? America has established in recent years an orthodox standard of ideals and ideas, and only those persons are accepted among us who are able to conform to this standard. If any immigrant chances to have his own ideals and ideas instead of ours, he is a Bolshevik, a menace to public safety, and therefore to be gotten out of the way without delay. Let us "know the truth"! America today is a prison, not a refuge!

Why on earth do Christians want to proselyte Jews? Have the churches such a surplus of energy, and is the work of religion so nearly done in the world at large, that the synagogues must be invaded and transformed? Here is the Presbyterian Church, for example, appropriating $200,000 for Jewish proselytizing in New York City, and placing a man in the field for the doing of this one particular job. What wonder that leading Jews throughout the country are protesting against this proposal; and that the Union of American Hebrew Congregations has issued a formal statement, calling upon the Jews to reply to the attempt to convert them, by strengthening their allegiance to their own religion and supporting its institutions more vigorously than ever before! For ourselves, we are free to say that this proselytizing of Jews by Christians impresses us as a piece of colossal and shameless impudence. If the Prebyterians have got $200,000 that they don't know what to do with, we respectfully suggest that they use it for the conversion not of Jews but of Christians to Christianity. Religion, like charity, begins at home! When the Christians have got something more to show for their faith than indiscriminate greed, hatred and slaughter, they may be fit to talk about bringing this faith to other people—but not before!

Monastic England

When from Glastonbury, the home of Dunstan, and the scene of the murder of Robert Whyting, sixtieth abbot of its monastery, I started out upon my pilgrimage through abbey land, my mind was not occupied with much else than the names of the places through which I would pass and the ruins I would occasionally visit. It was to be a journey that would satisfy the desire born in a lad who had run wild among the remnants of one of England's greatest monuments—a forsaken place where nature was most prodigal at all seasons of the year, amidst whose nooks and crannies green things never ceased to grow and shine, where indeed the violet and the snowdrop appeared long before they came to brighten any dell beyond its walls. There the primrose flung its richness often enough in close sequestered places within the battered but sheltering walls when the snow lay thick upon the open field. That was a spot where the bulfinch and the lark were seen to mate early in the year—long before their fellows in the gardens set to work. And so it was with the rabbit and the stoat and all the creatures that had chosen the ruin for their abode. How full and varied was the life within the ruin for a curious lad—one who loved to saunter off alone from his companions and dream away the hours within the ruined cloister. Looking back upon those days as I trudged north to Wells, there came to my mind the figure of the venerable vicar who once found me seated upon a stone trying to feed a young starling that had fallen from its nest. A kind old man he was who had rendered a great service to his county in collecting the data of the long past.

It was he who told me the story of what a lad of the Middle Ages could do when in search of knowledge. He might, he said, start out from Glastonbury and at easy distances visit, day by day, the fairest abbeys of the land, at each a welcome guest, at each finding a store of learning and an acquaintance with a discipline and a culture long lost to England. In mellow tones he described such a journey, and mentioned the places through which a youth might pass. "But now, alas," he sighed, "the penniless lad would not fare well if he set out on such a pilgrimage." The vicar himself had often thought of such a tour as I had undertaken, but he had spent so many years of his life in his own county, performing his duties, searching the ruins of abbey, castle and fortress, pouring over ancient documents, collecting letters and old charters, compiling his knowledge for his book, that the years slipped by and left him too infirm to think of trudging even so short a distance as from one abbey to another in his own district. Yet the "great desire," as he called it, to walk the distances as a lad of the fourteenth or fifteenth century would have done, never left him.

In Bath Abbey I recalled the many things he said to me when I was a lad. There were the evidences of two great civilizations, almost forgotten, at any rate neglected by the people of the town. When I looked upon the system of plumbing visible in the baths left by the Romans and I turned to the architectural wonders of the abbey, there came to me the thought that a third civilization, ours, would some day be added to the past, and that the historian might give it scant attention, finding in its predecessors more evidence of essential worth, those values which denote the integrity and aspiration of a people to whom beauty was an integral part of life. Standing before the great west window, I thought of the many foundations that were laid before the building that is called "the Lantern of the West" was raised by the Benedictine architects, and I wondered how much they knew of the Romans, and the man of the legend who founded Bath, the British King Bladud. Then tramping on through Chippenhan to Malmesbury, the fresh sweet breezes of the channel came and blew such thoughts away, for there spread before me the fields of lovely England, the clustered hamlets and the far off Cotswolds, and I could think of nothing but the things of the hour and the glory of land and sky. They at any rate had changed very little. Through Malmesbury I passed on to Cirencester with my mind full of the story of Aldhelm of Æthelstan, and it seemed to me that in the days when a man combined the arts of architecture, organ-making and abbotship, there must have been more happiness and satisfaction in every man's working day than now, when, with all that science and invention have done to make life easier for the few, art seems to be completely divorced from statesmanship. The architectural wonders of Gloucester as I turned west to the winding Severn held me enthralled for many days. I lingered long in the south walk of the cloister and stood for a while in each of the monks' carrels. But how glad I was my purse was not so light as that of the lad my old vicar thought about in the days long past. How curious it was to see the monuments which were raised in the early days of our history crowded upon by the unsightliness of the Victorian period. Yet so long as the center of interest remains where the architectural splendor of the early centuries can be seen, one cannot altogether lose hope of another renaissance, which will bring a culture and a joy to life as fine as that symbolized by the builders who worked with Abbot Serlo and later with Walter Froucester.

Which way should I take from Gloucester, go straight on north up the valley of the Severn or turn to the west and explore the reaches of the Wye and the Usk? Who would miss Tintern and Llandaff when at Gloucester with time to spare and inclination to saunter happily through that glowing land—only as far as Llandaff! No farther west than Llandaff, for the incongruity of the South Wales coal field will drive you back upon the roads where grime and smut are as yet unknown. Still the contrast of the miner only shortly up from the face of the coal, the dust caked upon his flesh and clothes as he trudges homeward with the lamp to lighten his darkness beneath the ground, sets one pondering his condition, wondering how much better off is he than his forebears who raised stone upon stone where a lamp would shine to lighten the darkness in men's minds. Where evidences remain of villages that lay near to the priory or the abbey in the days before the Tudors, there cannot be found anything denoting the misery and squalor such as the passer-by sees in the mining village of today, a place so unsightly, so devoid of any evidence of happiness, that the pilgrim having a sense of the beauty of the past turns from it with a dejected heart, feeling at odds with the civilization that has made it possible. But so wayward and so strange are the manifestations of past labors and present toil in that ancient land, that one cannot help feeling conscious that the serf of our system contains all the elements and qualifications of his ancestors who wrought the miracles of beauty that lie scattered about the vales of British rivers. There they stand like sentinels, glorious even in their shattered state, telling with unmistakable power and eloquence of the wonders men wrought when life was full, and there were rhythm and harmony to direct the labors of the day. Tintern is a challenge and a command. Who can stand before its majesty and be so dull-witted as to remain impervious to the significance of its beauty. It seems to say to our civilization, "Build, ye, in such a spot an edifice of similar character which will contain a life and culture such as these walls have known." But that is the challenge to which our civilization is deaf and numb. Not with all the machinery of church and state, not with all the appliances of modern art, not with all the social and industrial laws, can we summon the sense and courage to face the problem it denotes.

At my journey's end I came to the ruin I knew so well in ladhood days. Many years had passed since I fed the fledgling starling, and listened to the venerable vicar tell of the pilgrimage that he would like to take through abbey land. The kind old man had passed to his rest, and the headstone that bore his name in the old churchyard had been mellowed by the weather and had merged into the sombre gray tone of the place. I felt that I had taken the journey for him, that I had been his substitute in experiencing his great desire. Deep was the yearning to unburden myself, to tell him what I had seen, what I had thought, and hear his counsel. The many things he said to me now came back with an added significance and strength, and as I lingered in and about

the ruin for many days there came into my mind an interpretation of the past which would have been perhaps in unison with his own. I imagined my telling him the story of my pilgrimage and how my mind and spirit had been affected by it all, and his giving it the semblance of reality, lending the force of the actual to it and the color of the life and times. I think I can hear him say, "You see yon landlord who leaves the administration of his estate to his bailiff, and who idles away his life in politics, sport and social adventure! He would perhaps have been an esquire to the abbot of this house, rigorously performing the duties of Seneschel of the guest hall, or chief cook, maybe, or serving at the abbot's table or his bedchamber. Anyway he would have been under discipline with specific duties to perform. There was no waste man-power in the days when England enjoyed the democracy of the monastery. There was always work to be done. And now look at that laborer in the field, and consider the round of his existence from early youth to long old age. He will be an agricultural laborer—with never a chance to be ought else. In this abbey he would have found a thousand joys which never thrill him now. It is the same wherever we may turn. In the county town whose spires we see over there, where that burst of sunlight falls, you might search all day long for a man or a woman whose finest effort is small compared with the labors of those who dwelt within these walls. At all events they left something behind which is good for the soul. Here in this place there are specimens of the sculptor's art which cannot be duplicated no matter how the modern workmen strive. Their books, their music, their agriculture, their architecture, the work of the smithy, and their craftsmanship in glass, all point to a culture of a day that was so well ordered that every man must have taken his part and performed his service in the general polity of the abbey. They were besides the poets and the historians of their time. Nothing of value in any department of life was overlooked by them. All things were blended into a culture so beautiful that now we look back upon it as on a noble dream. Yes, they were busy men, those men who entered the monastic life, and indeed so were all folk who came in touch with it, whether they were monks or laymen. And they were dauntless, those fellows; no matter what happened in war or strife of any kind they were ready to defend the right. Right was the symbol of their liberty. Might was the enemy of their democracy. Were an abbey burned to the ground they set to work immediately to build again—more beautiful, more enduring than the relic. And every abbot brought fresh ideas, and few there were that passed away without leaving some noble extension to the buildings. There were no idlers then, and every evidence we have of that life tells of a system which had no room for the shirker. How busy a man was Samson of St. Edmundsbury, Serlo of Gloucester! What did Dunstan do with his time? Nay think of Robert Whyting and his labors at Glastonbury, and think of how that glorious past was brought to an end when England by a thoughtless act well nigh effaced a culture which had taken a thousand years to perfect. How small the efforts of the busy men of our day seem beside all this! Why it was possible in those days for a man to perform all the religious duties of fast and prayer and chant, till and harvest the fields, serve at the smithy, quarry the stone and chisel it as well as study, write and perhaps assist at binding books, illuminating missals—oh, there were a thousand things for men to do, and each task performed added to the beauty of their life. But no matter what the specific duty of each might be, he came in touch with the culture, was associated with it. And no one was debarred. Men did not prate from morning to night about their political and social woes or about their religion. Indeed they were reticent about that, feeling perhaps their souls were all the more secure for the labors they performed. That was the life when men were free. Such a culture as that could only thrive where liberty was loved."

Whether the old vicar would agree with all of this I cannot say, but certainly most of it is in the spirit of his talks with me when I was a boy. He was before his time in his appreciation of the life of monastic England, before his time indeed with regard to many of the essential things of existence. "Be religious," he said, "but don't make a fuss about it." With James of the Epistle he firmly believed that faith without works was not justified, and that "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

FRANCIS NEILSON.

YOUTH.

Perhaps his feet might choose in their new pride
A tread whose echoes ring more evenly—
But Life, a friendly hound, runs at his side
And will not let him be.

His spirits answer in good comradeship;
Yet he must have a care to face the street
Erect, lest this strange dignity should slip
Like sandals from his feet.

And in the awkward grace of his new gait,
His show of artlessness, becoming wise,
The past and future gravely arbitrate—
And gayly compromise.

So on he goes with sure, uncertain stride,
Holding with valiant grip his dignity—
But Life, a friendly hound, runs at his side
And will not let him be.

The Dial. —*Hazel Hall.*

CONTRIBUTED

The Story of Channing—His Life, Thought, and World-Wide Influence

By Jabez T. Sunderland, D.D.
Author of "The Origin of the Bible," "Religion and Evolution," Etc.

If there ever was a Christian, if there ever was a man that manifested the spirit of Christ on earth, it was William Ellery Channing.

—*Ex-President W. H. Taft.*

Channing! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me
Like Luther's in the days of old,
Half battles for the free.

—*Longfellow.*

Channing's principles,—his faith in God, his faith in man, his reliance on reason,—are the principles of universal religion, and can never be outgrown. These principles are spreading, as enlightenment spreads; they are growing, as human thought grows; they are permeating the life of the age; it needs no gift of prophecy to see, that, sooner or later, they will dominate the intelligent world.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

I.

Probably it is no exaggeration to call William Ellery Channing's name the greatest in the history of modern liberal or progressive Christianity.

Channing was the American Luther of a later but profoundly needed religious reformation, which, under one designation or another, is spreading silently but irresistibly throughout Christendom—a reformation far more deep, fundamental and radical, and at the same time far more affirmative and constructive, far more ethical and spiritual, and, it is believed, destined to achieve far more for the religious emancipation and moral uplift of mankind, than that known as the Protestant Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.

The story of Channing is one of the most charming in American biography; only one must look down below the rather plain surface into its radiant heart. It does not have in it much of outward adventure or excitement, but it does tell of an inward life of fascinating activity and energy, of an extraordinarily wide range of interests, of rare simplicity and sincerity, of fresh and bold thinking, of constantly new and daring excursions in search of truth, of deep piety, of keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, of unfailing love of humanity, of bodily weakness and suffering triumphed over by power of will, of joy, of constant growth, of soul-youth becoming more marked with the advance of years, of singular spiritual beauty, of the most heroic loyalty to duty and of the highest moral ideals.

Channing was born in 1780, the mid-point of the Revolutionary War, and died in 1842. His birthplace was Newport, Rhode Island, the beautiful city by the sea, at that time commercially the rival of New York. He was educated at Harvard College, and spent his mature life as a preacher in Boston.

His father was a respected lawyer in Newport, for a time the Attorney-General of the State. His mother was an Ellery, daughter of the Ellery who was one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence. He was third in a family of nine children. Those who knew him only in his later life, when his health was so delicate, and he had to be guarded as carefully as a tender plant, found it hard to picture him in boyhood as anything else than weak and frail. But in fact he was in early life vigorous, athletic, full of spirit, full of daring, full of decision. There was no more hearty or joyous laugh than his. No boy could run faster, or excel him in wrestling, or climb with quicker hand or surer foot to the mast-heads of the ships in the harbor. Never quarrelsome, never disposed to push his own claims, he yet was a quick champion of the wronged among his playfellows. He would see none of his companions abused and bullied by others larger and stronger than they. Yet all the while the active, high-spirited boy was tender in his feelings, conscientious, religious—the true father of the man that was to be.

There were two shadows on Channing's boyhood. One came from the dark and stern Calvinistic theology under the influence of which he was reared. The other was occasioned by the death of his father, when the son was thirteen, leaving the mother and her large family with so little means that they were compelled to experience the hardships of self-denial and poverty.

A little while before the death of his father an incident occurred which made a lasting impression upon the thoughtful boy, and operated powerfully to open his young eyes to the cruelty and hollowness of the theology which he was hearing preached all around him. The story is so significant that it should be repeated here.

He was taken by his father in his chaise one Sunday to a neighboring town to hear a noted preacher. "He listened attentively to the sermon. With glowing rhetoric the preacher went on to describe the lost state of man, his helplessness, the need of earnest prayer as the condition of receiving divine aid. In the view of the speaker a curse seemed to rest upon the earth, and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature. William, for his part, supposed that henceforth those who believed all this would abandon all other things to seek this salvation, and that amusement and earthly business would no longer occupy a moment. The service over, they went out of the church, and his father, in answer to the remark of some person, said with a decisive tone: 'Sound doctrine, sir.' 'It is all true, then,' was the boy's inward reflection. A heavy weight fell on his heart. He wanted to speak to his father; he expected his father would speak to him in relation to this tremendous crisis of things. They entered the chaise and drove along, but absorbed in thinking about the sorrows and awful things they had been hearing, the boy was silent,—he could not find words to speak. Presently his father began to whistle. At length they reached home; but instead of calling the family together and telling them of the appalling intelligence which the preacher had given, his father took off his boots, put his feet toward the fireplace, and began quietly to read his newspaper.

"William was amazed; but not being given to talking he asked no explanations. Soon, however, the questions arose. What did it all mean? Could what he had heard be true? No! His father did not believe it; people did not believe it! It was *not* true. He felt that he had been trifled with; that the preacher had deceived him."

From this time on he carried in his mind a deep distrust of the prevailing theology of the churches, and a determination to examine religious matters for himself, and not to pretend to believe anything which he

did not really believe and believe for good reasons.

Following his graduation from college, at the age of 18, young Channing spent nearly two years as a tutor in a family of wealth in Richmond, Va.

Here, surrounded by all that was most elegant in southern life, and mingling in the very best southern society, he found much that attracted and charmed him; and yet, in the midst of the fascination, gradually his eyes were opened to the terrible evils and wrongs of slavery. He saw the institution at its very best; yet what he saw made him a life-long enemy of it, and laid the foundation for that great anti-slavery work which he was to do in after years.

These two years at Richmond were years also of very earnest and severe study. He was hungry for knowledge. He had chosen his life work—that of the ministry—and was eager to make the most broad and ample preparation possible for it. But he had not learned to care for his health. Indeed, his head was full of extreme stoical notions, and he thought the body might be hardened if not wholly ignored. Accordingly he habitually studied until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and often later. He accustomed himself to sleep on the bare floor, so as to overcome any tendency in himself to effeminacy, and that he might be the more ready to spring up the moment he waked, so as to go on with his study. In the meantime he made his diet of the most abstemious kind. Of course to all this there was but one possible end. His health gave way, and before the two years were past he was obliged to go home an invalid—alas! an invalid for life! So severe are the penalties of nature's broken laws, even if the breaking be done with the noblest motives!

A year and a half at home, tenderly cared for by his mother and his many friends, restored him to a sufficient degree of health to allow him to take up again his theological studies.

In the year 1802, a little before he had reached the age of 23, he found himself ready to begin his chosen life-work as a Christian minister.

Never did a young man enter the ministry with purer motives or with a more beautiful and entire consecration. Many of his friends had desired him to choose the profession of the law—his father's calling. But no! Nothing seemed to him half so important as religion. To teach truth, to labor to dissipate ignorance and superstition, to comfort human sorrow, to succor the weak and the tempted, to help dry up the great dark river of sin and suffering that flows through the earth—no other possible work seemed to him comparable in nobleness or worth with this.

His preaching at once attracted attention by its fervor, seriousness and beauty. Almost immediately calls were extended him by two different churches in Boston—the Brattle Street, a strong and wealthy society, and the Federal Street, a society comparatively poor and weak. With his characteristic modesty he chose the smaller and poorer church; and at once entered that pulpit which was to be his throne of loving, beneficent power all his life, and which through him was to become known over the earth.

Channing's public life may be divided into three periods: the first of thirteen years from 1802 to 1815, in which he was a quiet pastor and preacher, his time and strength devoted almost wholly to his own church; the second period of about fifteen years, from 1815 to 1830, in which he was the acknowledged leader of that religious movement which resulted in the establishment of Unitarianism in this country; and the third period of twelve years, from 1830 to his death in 1842, in which his energies were largely devoted to great philanthropic movements and subjects of social and political reform, such as anti-slavery, peace, temperance, education, beneficences among the poor, and the like, which made him as widely known as a philanthropist and social reformer as he had become known as a preacher and religious teacher.

Let us look at each of these periods in some detail.

During the first of the three, which extended over the first thirteen years of his ministerial life, he was, as has been said, the quiet, laborious pastor, doing his work lovingly and conscientiously among his people, and preaching on Sunday sermons of singular spiritual sweetness and power, which edified and delighted his hearers, and drew ever larger and larger congregations.

Channing was not only an attractive preacher, he was a new kind of preacher. Indeed he did much to revolutionize for the better the preaching of New England and eventually of the whole country. Up to his day New England preaching had been in the main hard, formal, dry, without literary grace or much human quality. It had been severely theological, and to make it more dreary it had been the almost universal practice of preachers to quote, in all sermons, very extensively from the Bible, texts, texts, texts, bolstering up everything by Scripture, giving chapter and verse. Channing put aside all this and introduced a new method of sermonizing, making his discourses living, direct, natural, human. His thought was prevailingly ethical, spiritual and practical rather than scriptural or theological. Keeping his hold firmly upon the Bible, he yet felt that the soul of man was more directly from God than any book could be, and hence his mightiest appeals were always to the consciences, the hearts, the reason, the moral and spiritual intuitions of his hearers, rather than to any formal "Thus saith the Lord." Taking a great theme (for he always chose great themes) he unfolded it in a wholly natural way, speaking with all the directness, simplicity and sincerity of a man to his fellow man in earnest conversation, making no appeal to Scripture unless his thought could be strengthened thereby, using no ornament or embellishment for the sake of ornament or embellishment, but uttering his thought so clearly, so candidly, so earnestly, and with such classic chasteness and beauty of expression that all who heard were charmed and fascinated.

It was simply impossible after Channing that the old style of hard, dry, sermons of the formal theological, textual kind should not pass away. The genius of Channing touched them, and lo! everywhere they began to disappear, and something more living, natural, human and uplifting began to take their place.

Physically, Channing had few or no advantages as a preacher—but certain considerable disadvantages. For one thing, he was small of stature—weighing not more than about a hundred pounds. Persons meeting him for the first time on the street, or at his home, in the days after he became famous, would often involuntarily exclaim, "What! Is this the great Dr. Channing?" And yet all witnesses agree that when he arose in the pulpit such was his dignity and the power of his great, calm eyes, and the sweet solemnity of his

whole bearing, that he seemed to every one far larger than he was, and persons meeting him for the first time after listening to a discourse from him were very commonly surprised to find, even although he had been before their eyes for an hour, that he was not physically a large man.

(*To be continued.*)

Industrial Democracy

Most people have thought of democracy heretofore as simply a type of political government; but now an increasing number of people see that democracy is a philosophy to be applied to every sphere of life. Men will no longer be content with political democracy alone. The old slogan, "government of, for, and by the people," has taken on new meaning. Those who realize the full meaning of democracy will not be hypnotized by phrases and quieted by promises while men and women and children starve and freeze and are denied the experience of the finer things of life! Political democracy must find its fulfillment and practical blessing in industrial democracy.

I.

The next great reorganization is that of industry. The need for a change in our industrial life is evidenced by the appalling extent of poverty, the inequitable distribution of material goods among people who have not dropped below the line that separates life from mere existence, and the pauperous spiritual state of the excessively poor and the excessively rich.

When we consider the anarchistic type of mind incited by lack of ownership, by unjust treatment, and by industrial maladjustments, we see that nothing short of a radical change in our industrial life can bring either safety or justice.

To complete the reformation from industrial monachy to industrial democracy without a disorderly revolution is the greatest task that confronts America and the world today. In my opinion he who fears to face that task or who refuses to assist in working out the problems involved, has no place as a teacher or a prophet in the modern world.

II.

Plainly the existing industrial order is monarchic, modified here and there by oligarchy, limitations, checks, and the like.

The supremacy of a single will or of a hierarchy of will still prevails in industry. By and large it is an arbitrarily constituted superiority. The natural superiority of industrial monarchs is a superstitition. Fitness to survive must be taken in relation to a specific environment. Survival apart from its relation to the character of the environment proves no superior ability, much less moral and spiritual quality. In the underworld the crook is the fittest to survive. No man should speak of the survival of the fittest without explaining that he refers to a specific environment.

The hazard and the waste in our monarchically organized business life are so great that if our industrial environment is right and only the survivors the fit, manifestly the human race is in a bad way. Only 3 per cent of the people in mercantile business make a financial success, while 97 per cent of the people in that business are at the age of 65 dependent upon others for a living. More than 80 per cent of the people leave nothing at death. Nineteen men in twenty are unable to provide for old age; 90 per cent of children who enter schools at six years leave before reaching the eighth grade, in order to earn a living. The dethronement, the beheadings, and the wreckage of the present industrial order are enough to condemn it forever.

The utter dependence of the many—including most of those who labor by head as well as those who labor by hand—on the will of one or a few, the servile attitude of the many and the lordly attitude of the few, social cleavage and class consciousness still exist in our industrial world, and they are characteristic of a monarchic order.

The laborer is to secure a "living wage." Why only a *living* wage? The first consideration in a monarchy is the welfare of the monarch. Industrial democracy demands a "living dividend" for the firm, i. e., for the machines and the machinery, and reward and fortune—if such there be—for all who toil, whether with hand or brain.

III.

Industrial democracy is the application by the people concerned of wisdom, skill and energy to the production and distribution of material goods. Involved in this is control originating with and being responsible to the people concerned. From within the group, community or nation come initiative and operation. With the group, community, nation or world (as the case may be) rests ownership. Gain or loss is equitably shared by all concerned. This is industrial democracy.

Exceptions to monarchic and oligarchic reign in present day industry mark the point of gain on the part of the people in their war against monarchic and oligarchic rule. The movement away from ownership by one, and away from control from above, has made considerable headway through the centuries. It is an old movement and it constantly gains momentum.

In the days of old, both capital and laborer were owned by the master. Today, while the master still owns the capital and the labor, he does not own the laborer. The gain for the laborer is considerable. His body at least is free; and he himself may negotiate with capital in a more or less open market.

Partnerships, corporations, and similar oligarchic combinations are distinct gains on the old order. Profit-sharing, copartnership, joint boards of control, trade unionism and such have made substantial gains on industrial monarchy. Profit sharing is so common that it hardly attracts attention, whether between capital and labor, or capital, labor and consumer. Copartnership between employer and laborer—that is, sale by the employer and purchase by the laborer of an interest in the business—is increasingly popular. Proctor and Gamble and other concerns have long seen the wisdom of at least a limited degree of copartnership between employer and employe. Nelson and others have found co-partnership between capital, labor and consumer a reasonably safe practice. The co-operative stores of Great Britain have a membership of 3,000,000 and an annual trade of $800,000,000 dollars. If these concerns, and the experiment of Nelson in Madison County, Ill., and many others throughout the world, can survive in an antagonistic environment for even a brief period—such survival creates at least a presumption in favor of the principle of co-operation, and gives ground for a reasonable faith that if the principle were generally applied, and

if it were safeguarded and backed by a community or national or world program, it would be not only workable but triumphantly successful.

IV.

The complete democratization of industry cannot be brought about in a day. There is no cut and dried formula that we may follow. There is and can be no final democratic program. New situations must forever teach new lessons. Experimentation by the people is of the very essence of democracy.

As things look now, the most important immediate step in the democratization of industry is the extension of the laborer's control of production. And no raise in wage, no bonus for unusual skill, no sharing of profits, much less free movies, gold watches and horseback rides can satisfy labor in lieu of *actual participation in the control of production and distribution.*

A second step must be the severing of the secretarial and managerial force from the employer where its alliance now is, and the union of the secretarial and managerial force with labor where it rightfully belongs.

A third step must be the extension of joint ownership on the part of employer and employe. Labor must increase its percentage of ownership in the concern with which it works. Control and ownership will give experience without which no permanent change is possible.

And along with these steps must come an increased functioning on the part of a democratically controlled community, nation and world. Here political democracy and industrial democracy join hands. Neither can succeed without the other. Both moving along together can make it possible to have a reorganization of industry without the disorder of a sudden revolution.

V.

In this democratic movement let all men avoid class consciousness and emphasize the unity of labor. All who toil, whether with head or hand, are workers. All progressive social programs recognize the unity of labor. The old manual labor theory of values has gone by the board. Hand laborers and brain laborers cannot afford to waste their time fighting among themselves.

Let us keep before the minds of the people the interdependence of all—all groups, communities and nations. No person, group or nation can live unto itself. There is no natural conflict between legitimate interests. There is human-wide community of interest. Anarchistic competition is a thing of the past; it has been found utterly inadequate in a complex organized society.

Let us emphasize not the equalization but the equitization of the fruits of industry. Democracy aims not to level down, nor to level at all, but to equatize. Above certain just and adequate minimum standards of living, and within certain fair limits, there must be ample room for individual initiative and achievement. But no man should be allowed to build his monumental achievement at the cost of underfed, poorly clothed and inadequately housed men, women and children.

Potential wealth is inexhaustible. We are learning how to dig from the depth of nature or to create what we need or want. There is no reason to fear the universalization of poverty. There is every reason to expect and make leisure and plenty the possession of all. We need simply the vision to see what is right and possible, and the courage to do it.

Chicago. CURTIS W. REESE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Christmas Suggestion

To the Editor of UNITY:

As that time of the year draws near when one thinks more than ever of the spirit of thanksgiving and of giving, I should like to make a suggestion to the readers of UNITY—a suggestion adaptable to one's own circumstances.

Would it not be well for us at Christmas time to renounce the gifts of our immediate family and send to UNITY a reasonable sum of money to be used to send trial subscriptions for six weeks (at fifty cents per person) to a list of friends of the sender? In other words, let us pass on the good will of our immediate family that it might become more universal. We may prefer to use our own funds and not suggest to the rest of the family (or our immediate friends) that we would prefer to have the evidence of their good will passed on. It matters little how we do it.

The old order is staggering as a result of self-indulgence in hate, lust, prejudice and pride. We need more light, a more thorough application of the spirit of the Nazarene. There is no magazine better equipped to diffuse this spirit, to furnish this enlightenment than UNITY. We are indeed fortunate to have as the editor of this magazine the greatest religious prophet that the twentieth century has produced! In view of this, dare WE fail to fulfill OUR obligations? To be sure, we are as a voice crying in the wilderness, but it will always be so until every reader realizes his duty and does his best to increase the circulation of UNITY and other magazines of a like nature. Personally, I have selected UNITY because it seems best suited to perform the task. It is exclusive in its spiritual inclusiveness. A FRIEND.

A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY.

Heaven is in my hand, and I
Touch a heart-beat of the sky,
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,
Lone flute of God, how can you sing
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,
And given my spirit wings until it stirred
Like you—a bird!

Atlantic Monthly. —*Joseph Auslander.*

Since Chicago established the first juvenile court in 1899 similar courts have been established in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria and Hungary. Spain has been the last to fall in line.—*Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.*

SELECTED

The Cathedral, Past and Prospective

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones, February 2, 1902

How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts,
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.
They go from strength to strength.—Psalms 84:1-7.

The cathedral at its noblest is the best outward symbol of the spiritual nature of man, as it is also the most suggestive measure and prophecy of the corporate life of man. The cathedral is the climax of fourteen or more centuries of Christian prayer and aspiration. It inspired, and still holds and represents the supreme achievements of man in nearly all the arts. In the production of the cathedral, painting, sculpture, architecture and music climbed like the Gothic arch which inspired them to their highest peaks, their most perfect curves and most graceful proportions. The cathedral sustained in life and honored in death the great heroes, the bards, the sages and the saints of Christian history and still protects their ashes. At the mention of the old cathedrals, the names of Raphael, Fra Angelico, Da Vinci and Michelangelo, Augustine and Savonarola, Dante, Chaucer and Victor Hugo fall from our lips. At the mention of the cathedral, Rome, Florence, Venice, Paris, London, and a dozen other cities rise before the mind's eye, each of them centering around its cathedral, for St. Peter's, the Duomo, St. Mark's, Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey are the gems to which the cities named are but the inadequate setting in baser metal and less precious stones.

If you ask whence came its power, why this ascendency, the answer is not far to seek. Christianity began at least in a moral protest. Whatever else he was, the Nazarene carpenter was a reformer; whatever else he worked for, his central quest was for a better social order. Interpret the "kingdom" he proclaimed as you please, it was at least centered in ethics and circumferenced by the good. He spoke to a distracted people; he appeared in turbulent times and was caught in the vortex of great commercial, racial and military tides of life. So strenuous were the forces of selfishness, so persistent the clamor of outward things and material power that Christendom in its infancy fled the world. It shrank from the contest and sought sanctity in the retirements of the desert, the grim solitude of caves, the inaccessible recesses of forests and mountains, and there it throve. The deserts became social with eremites. The hermits became so numerous that they organized, and monasteries grew and nunneries multiplied until monasticism and religion, celibacy and piety, became almost synonymous terms. Then it was that human nature asserted itself not in defiance to but through and in accordance with organized religion. The world and time began again to doff their sinister garb and don the robes of glory that are the divine habiliments of nature. The pious eye began to see God again in forest and lake, mountain and sea, flowers and clouds. And so the monastery took on spires, the nunnery took the grates out of its windows and elevated its entrances and the cathedral rose, hospitable to man, woman and child; it took in the family. Its hospitality widened and it became the representative of community life. Rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, peasant and prince found a common level at the altars of God, the shrine of religion, to appear at which all sadly needed the shriving hand. The community consciousness grew strong by such nurture. Present power dared count on future reinforcements, and so the cathedral grew from being the representative of one generation to become the hope of many. The fathers laid foundations the superstructure of which they left to their children and their children's children to rear. One century dared begin what the next century might continue but could not complete, and so we find the story of centuries condensed and arranged in the walls of any one of these great cathedrals. There the generations are arranged like beads upon a string.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,

said the Greek Hippocrates, but art grew venturesome when it had the centuries to deal with, and so the cathedral grew glorious.

How, then, came that power to be? Whence, then, did the cathedral derive its power? Clearly here: It took back the family into the confidences of religion. It taught man and woman how the human and the divine love could go hand in hand. It reconciled the home to the church, consecrated marriage, and recognized in children a heavenly heritage. It recognized, to an extent unrealized by any other building ever reared by the hands of man, the *com-unity,* the common life of those who dwell together, irrespective of race, birth, rank or degrees of saintliness. The cathedral triumphed by virtue of a daring, unparalleled and hitherto untried democracy. Many of the crafts reached their maximum of skill in the cathedral because the craftsman worked for no sordid or servile motives. The individual was free to work out his individuality. The cathedral triumphed lastly by virtue of its faith in continuity, the philosophy of history that believed in the continuous life on earth, and so it took counsel of the ages, it built on and with the granite, and the centuries broke at its feet as the waves beat and break at the base of the lighthouse tower.

But in spite of all this, in full view of all this, the cathedral began to wane. The cathedrals of history today represent a decadent power. Why?

Again the answer, to my mind, is not far to seek. Fine as was its courage, it weakened from cowardice. Great as was its inclusiveness, it sickened from narrowness. Splendid as was its fellowship, it waned on account of its inhospitality. Unparalleled as was its democracy, it was debilitated and grew emaciated by its aristocracy. It had a passion for fellowship, but it was afraid of freedom. It took no note of birth lines, but it undertook to survey the thought boundaries of the kingdom of God, and sooner or later fellowship becomes impossible where freedom is denied. Love itself will grow selfish and arrogant where thought is dishonored. The cathedral had a shrine for John the beloved, Peter the denier, even Judas the betrayer when penitent, but because it had none for Thomas the doubter, the investigator, the time came when its power in the world was crippled, for where reason is slighted there is an indignity to God, where investigation, inquiry, research, adventure of mind are distrusted, discouraged or denied, there piety becomes conventional and religion formal; and progress escapes from the mephitic atmosphere.

The story of the decadence of the cathedral as a

moral power, a spiritual energizer in civilization, is the sad but inevitable story of dogmatism. It is the story of the struggle of free thought with bigotry, religion making common cause with the wrong side. When Luther nailed his theses on his chapel door at Wittenberg it was a strike for freedom, but he asked only for what freedom he could use. Calvin wanted freedom, but his "institutes" fixed the boundaries of as much of freedom as he approved of, and Servetus, being found outside the stockade, must be burned. Wesley struck for freedom of spirit and Methodism flourished under the conquering banner. But they stretched the corralling rope and a disciple of Wesley would "stretch upon a barn door the skin" of a brother disciple who in the spirit of the master tried to bring his liberty down to date and preserve his religious thought without an adjective, the last untrammeled version of the thoughts of God phrased by man, i. e., the latest discoveries of science, the highest conclusions of philosophy, and the most reasonable expression of the accumulated experience of the race.

Signs are not wanting that there are pent-up forces about to reveal themselves which will bring about the renaissance of the cathedral-building spirit, not a renaissance of steeple-building, not a revival of Gothic architecture or medieval liturgies, but a renaissance of the fundamental spirit that built the cathedrals, the spirit of unity as opposed to the spirit of caste, class and race, the spirit of hospitality as opposed to the spirit of exclusion; in a word the spirit of catholicity as opposed to the spirit of schism and dogmatism. Every label in vogue today in Christendom is more or less a libel upon those who wear it willingly or otherwise, because it indicates divisions where no divisions exist, differences that are unreal. Creeds that once represented the consecrated intellect of masters, creeds that were mighty weapons in spiritual warfare when loaded with profound convictions, are now hindrances because they are so largely emptied of convictions. They are an embarrassment to those who are within the enclosures and a barrier to those who are without. All science, as well as commerce, art and statesmanship point to a co-operation and a combination which religion must eventually sanctify and organize into more magnificent expressions than any of these other forces can. In some new fashion, through fresh instrumentalities and up-to-date methods, religion and morals are yet to find cathedral expression.

I believe it because I believe that religion and morals are fundamental forces in human life. So long as sin-stained souls stagger under the burden of conscious guilt, so long as life is torn by passion, so long as babes are born into loving homes, and open graves mock the joys that clustered around the cradle, so long as the human heart is vulnerable to pity and so long as men and women love each other, so long will religion seek for expression and the spirit of man reach out to the spirit of fellow man. Not until the human heart is stolid to poetry, the human eye blind to beauty, not until the intellect ceases its quest for truth and conscience finds its quietus either in universal defeat or in triumphant success, will organized religion cease to be.

What will this new cathedral be like? What is the demand today above all other demands?

Again the answer is easy to discover, however difficult to state. The twentieth-century cathedral, like that of the thirteenth century, will be a spirit before it is a building. It will not be a thing of columns and of arches, it will be a spirit of freedom; a freedom to think God's thoughts after him; freedom to investigate and to respect the results of such investigation; freedom for the other man as well as for ourselves; freedom enough to go around, all around; a freedom for Trinitarian and Unitarian, Presbyterian and Catholic, Christian, Jew and Pagan; the freedom not of toleration, but of appreciation; not of endurance, but of sympathy.

Out of this freedom comes fellowship, fellowship for a man who differs from you, fellowship because he differs from you, a fellowship born out of appreciation, of what is good in the meanest and the wickedest, a fellowship that rises into the third factor of the coming cathedral—Service. This fellowship asks of its members not what do you believe? but what are you going to do about it?

This liberty, fellowship and service represent a consecration of all energies and resources, the new catholicity that will make a unit of the community in its moral quest and spiritual needs, the catholicity that will in the twentieth century as in the tenth bring men and women together where they will together face the common joys and common responsibilities of the community to which they belong, finding that what they hold in common is far more fundamental and extensive than what they hold in difference. The monasticism of the nineteenth century has been social—no, "society"—monasticism. Men and women have sadly fallen apart, separated into their different clubs and functions, to the weakening and cheapening of all concerned; children have been remanded to Sunday schools which their parents seldom or never visit, and the fundamental tenets of which they often confessedly do not endorse; labor and capital have congregated in antagonistic camps, greatly to the hurt of both parties; the good have gone away from home in order to do good; the wealthy have builded many missions for the poor "beyant the tracks;" greasy halls, wheezy hymns sung to rag-time music, ignorant piety and unctuous emotionalism are the instruments by means of which they have undertaken to ameliorate the wickedness over there; while upholstered pews sparsely tenanted, conventional theology exquisitely rendered in steeple houses, architectural anachronisms, cold, dark and neglected a large part of each week, are the religious helps for those who are often the spiritually indifferent if not the spiritually neglected, who live on our avenues and our boulevards, those whom George Eliot called with measureless pathos "the perishing upper classes."

I quarrel with no church; I impugn the motives of no one and question the sincerity of no pulpit or pew; I gladly recognize the vast good accomplished by all the churches; and still I state that notwithstanding all this confusion of churches, this overlapping of territories, with their tireless activities, great multitudes of people in the city of Chicago, as everywhere in America, are practically unchurched today. After all the sects claim all they can, there still remain, largely untouched by their denominational enthusiasm, the best and the worst of every community, the wisest and the most ignorant, oftentimes the most benevolent, as well as the most depraved.

Is there no need of some new corporate expression of the ethical sense of the community, of the religious life of the twentieth century? Is there not a new cathedral-building spirit to be born out of this travail, this compression, this destruction?

THE STUDY TABLE

"Sanity in Sex"

SANITY IN SEX. By William J. Fielding. New York: 1920. Dodd, Mead & Co. 16mo, 333 pages.

This book is well named. We know of no more sane and healthful discussion of this problem for the lay reader than Mr. Fielding has given us. The book touches not only the entire field of sex hygiene and prophylactic methods, both individual, social and governmental, but discusses the problem as related to husband and wife, to the children of the race, to divorce, to birth control, to the revelations of psychoanalysis, and to the widespread poverty induced by our economic system. The best known scientific and popular authorities on these subjects are freely quoted —Freud, Havelock Ellis, Ellen Key, Margaret Sanger, Malthus, Kraft-Ebbing, government reports and medical bulletins—so that the book places its readers in touch with the best and latest that has been written.

Its point of view is modern. Not divorce but the evils which produce divorce, not birth limitation but the harmful results, social and individual, of an unrestricted birth rate, are held up for criticism. The author denounces, not the individual victims of sex disaster, but a society which, by its prudishness and lack of frankness in handling the question, and its unsound economic and ethical systems, is responsible for such disasters.

The most valuable chapters to the average reader are doubtless those on Sex Knowledge and its relation to Parenthood, to Conjugal Happiness, and to Divorce, and the chapters on Birth Control, Psycho-Analysis and Economic Pressure as a factor in sex ethics. These chapters might well be read by every couple approaching marriage, just as the preceding chapters on Prophylaxis are of general interest to all adults.

Of the need for correct and adequate knowledge of sex, of the evils which result from the lack of such understanding, and of the value and beauty of the normal sex relation, Mr. Fielding writes vigorously:

> Many of the difficulties, trials and mistakes of marriage are the direct results of prudery or a false ideology on questions relating to the most vital and intimate facts of life. . . . Abstract "Love" has been crowned with a halo of romance . . . but "sex," because of its forbidden status, has been the world-wide butt for loose jesting, a thing of humiliation, partly repellant and indecent, but yet, in its primal importance, intensely alluring. . . .
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> The conventional tendency to dissociate sex love from the physical, particularly in the case of young people about to be married, or even among those who are married, and to disparage the human body on all occasions, has produced the most far-reaching and unfortunate results. . . . There are frequently elaborate preparations for the marriage ceremony . . . but for the most vital part of married life, there is in the vast majority of cases less than no preparation.
>
> . . . . It is generally agreed among psychotherapists that the blanket of sex ignorance, fostered in the name of morality, . . . is the source of the great increase of nervous afflictions in the men and women of today.
>
> Gallichan in his "Psychology of Marriage," says:
>
> " . . . If the awe, the mystery, the reticence and repugnance surrounding sex had been centered around alimentation, we should exhibit a shameful, timorous, resistant attitude to eating. Any function or any object can be made repellant or disgusting by association or suggestion."
>
> . . . When the sex relation is perfectly normal, there are beneficial results in mutual happiness, mental balance, improved health of the whole body, a hopeful reaction of life, serenity and a most fitting sense of well-being.

Regarding divorce, Mr. Fielding faces the facts bravely and has no hesitancy in advocating both a greater freedom of divorce and such a dissemination of real sex knowledge as will diminish the need for divorce. He takes account not only of the one marriage in nine which reaches the divorce courts but of that doubtless larger proportion which are "empty hulls of marital discord, drifting aimlessly in the cross currents of disillusionment."

> With so promising a start on the high road to love, the drifting of so great a proportion of married people into the byways of disharmony or of marital dissolution, is the inevitable result of our heritage of sex ignorance and sex lies. The average young man and woman are victims of it. No one with a conventional education escapes.

The author's advocacy of birth control is based on the usual economic and social arguments, and he lays especial stress on its value in promoting a harmonious and happy sex relationship between husband and wife:

> Granting that the primary object—the biologic foundation—of the sex instinct is to procreate, it is nevertheless a very evident fact that there is a secondary function in the sexual relation that is essential to the harmony and success of married life under modern conditions, and that acts as an inspiring stimulus to a finer spiritual development as well as to the physical well-being of those so mated.

The ethical basis which the author establishes for this comparatively new attitude toward both divorce and birth control is well worth considering, not only in connection with these problems but with many other instances in which the evolving race, meeting new conditions, demands a new ethic. Mr. Fielding says:

> The happiness and well-being of the greatest number of people are of more concern to them than the maintenance of certain ancient traditions and age-worn customs. The dissolution of loveless marriages is, to say the least, less immoral than their continuance. We may esteem monogamy as the ideal sex relationship, and at the same time rebel against the irrational and sometimes inhuman attempt to make matrimony practically indissoluble. . . . There is, too, the utter immorality of the condition which permits the enforcement of cohabitation upon unloving and unwilling spouses. . . .
>
> There is a growing feeling, among those who have reached an intelligent understanding of the subject, that birth control is in harmony with the great law of biologic evolution, and is therefore to that extent *natural;* that it is sociably desirable, even necessary, and therefore *moral;* that it is conducive to greater individual happiness in the family relations and a boon to domestic tranquility and the institution of marriage, and therefore *ethically* impregnable. . . . It must be admitted that birth control is one of the great moral and ethical forces of the present age and those who attempt to deny its benefits to humanity are rendering a serious disservice to society. . . .
>
> The ability to control nature or to modify its normal results and to change his environment is universally esteemed as man's pre-eminent characteristic which places him above the animal world. . . . Rational birth control is but an example of the application of this principle. . . .
>
> Morality in its true sense is the rule of social conduct; the measure of right conduct between individuals in their social relations. All actions which promote the happiness and well-being of society, or of any individual or individuals—i. e., units of society—are moral. On the other hand every act is immoral which needlessly injures any fellow creature. All immoral conduct is anti-social and all anti-social conduct is immoral. . . .
>
> To those who unconsciously hold to the idea of an unchanging and unchangeable code of morality, we might mention that moral standards are evolutionary and often completely reverse themselves from epoch to epoch. For instance, less than three-quarters of a century ago, chattel slavery was considered moral by the respectable people of America. . . .
>
> We have been told from time immemorial to judge a tree by its fruits. It would therefore seem logical to assume that the moral and ethical standard of any human society should be judged by its effects on society. If the results are for the

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A PLEA TO WOMEN FOR PEACE.

Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, well known as a leader in the militant suffrage movement in England, is now touring this country in the interests of world peace. She addressed a large meeting at the Woman's Party headquarters, in Washington, recently, at which she eloquently pleaded for organization of the women of the world to end bloodshed.

Speaking of the world-wide sentiment among women for disarmament and peace, Mrs. Lawrence said:

"I was an English delegate at the International Women's Congress that met in Zurich in the summer of 1919. The most moving speech I ever heard in my life was given by a French woman who came direct from the devastated districts of France. Holding out both hands to a German delegate on the platform and drawing her close, she appealed to the women in the audience to recognize and admit that women must have no enemy excepting war. Instantly all the delegates who were assembled from the twenty-two nations united in the League, rose to their feet and solemnly swore a vow never again to support any war by direct or indirect help. Thus a great international strike of women against war was unanimously agreed upon.

"This strike has to be planned far ahead in every country so that in time of danger women can present a united front which shall put to shame all those who seek to bring about war. Women speakers are being interchanged between the countries for this crusade, and are urging immediate and universal disarmament as the only safeguard against war.

"I have been speaking, at the invitation of the Austrian people, in the town halls of the cities in Austria. In Austria as the result of the women's campaign the educational curriculum for children has been entirely revised. All school books engendering national pride or prejudice have been scrapped. The Austrian people have now sold all the armament left them by the Allies to their former enemies, the Czecho-Slovaks.

"No league that is based on armament can secure world peace. All leagues hitherto organized by governments are leagues of war. Fear is one of the fundamental, psychological causes of war. Eliminate fear, and the pressure of public opinion from within a nation will prevent modern governments from making war. The council of action of the British Labor party has lately stopped the British government from presenting a war ultimatum to Russia.

"The women have suddenly emerged not as the enfranchised citizens of this nation only, but as an enfranchised sex inheriting citizenship of all the world. When the workers agree together internationally in the refusal to make munitions of war and when the women agree in the refusal to lend any moral or material support to the governments who make war or prepare for war, then we shall have a real League of Nations."

The Suffragist.

A VEGETARIAN COLONY.

The Russian Doukhobors do not eat meat. Ten thousand of them have now been living in Canada for the last twenty years, and have saved some of our enterprising young physiologists the trouble of trying what confirmed meat-eaters would doubtless be tempted to call a "poison-squad" experiment on a huge scale. Whatever we may think of practical vegetarianism, we now know, at any rate, that total abstention from meat will not prevent a body of settlers from taming land by the hundred thousand acres, clearing it, planting it, raising grain and fruit on a great scale, and altogether making themselves into a decidedly desirable community of workers. Possibly an addition of meat to their diet would not have prevented them from doing what they have done; but there is certainly no reason for quarreling with them on this account. We read in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.):

"Twenty years ago there came to this country from Russia a small colony of Doukhobors, who established themselves in western Canada, and now number a settlement of ten thousand souls. A writer who has recently visited the colony finds them prospering, and gives us a very interesting account of the people and their accomplishments, which so clearly demonstrates the practical efficiency of the vegetarian regimen that we think it worth while to quote at length:

"'These Russian vegetarians came to Canada practically penniless, homesteading in northern Saskatchewan and Alberta. The first year or two they withstood the severe winter sheltered only by huts improvised from canvas and sods. It might be claimed that thousands of homesteading parties have done the same, but in this instance the point for us is that on a vegetable diet these people were able to survive the same bitter weather which others have thought they required meat to resist. On a vegetable diet these people homesteaded, and on a vegetable diet they have in twenty years transformed 300,000 acres of wilderness into one of the finest and most prosperous farms in western Canada, producing large crops of grain and owning their grain elevators. About six years ago they bought, in addition, 10,000 acres of wilderness in southern British Columbia.

"'They cleared that land of trees, stumps and boulders with their own hands and set out thousands of apple, peach, pear, cherry and plum trees, which are already bearing fruit. They have also established a large grain factory and a large tomato canning plant with railroad accommodations to the door, whence fruit is sent to markets in distant cities.

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positive good of society, then it is a moral agency. If the results are socially evil, then it is an immoral agency.

It is interesting to recall in connection with the birth control movement that just recently, at its annual convention, the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs passed resolutions condemning the antiquated prohibitory laws now on the New York statute books and urging modern favorable legislation.

Mr. Fielding sums up the benefits which Psycho-Analysis and the Freudians have bestowed upon the race in the following way:

> Despite the formidable obstacles that stand in the way of a more normal sex life for the great masses of the people, Freud sounds the hopeful note for all those who have worked toward an increased control of life, maintaining that degeneration and nervousness are not in any way inevitable results of cultural progress, but excrescences to be avoided.

The lay reader who perhaps always feels that the entire Freudian theory tends to exaggerate the importance and omnipresence of the sex motive in daily life, will find in such statements as the following fresh confirmation of this idea:

> Nearly all of our instincts and actions are motivated primarily by an unconscious sexual urge.

But he will at least find comfort in the hope which is given of diverting in large measure this superabundant sex content of the individual life into creative and constructive and socially valuable channels.

The author indicts the economic system which by widespread poverty forces many young women into lives of prostitution, by postponing marriage until late in life induces many young men to lead unclean lives, as Ellen Key says, constituting a crime against the young and against the race which makes the primitive force of nature, the fire of life, into a destructive element. Poverty also forces women to continue in difficult occupations until immediately before the birth of their children, thus weakening their own bodily vitality and that of the child, while by continual undernourishment, inadequate clothing, unsanitary housing conditions, lack of education and all the other evils caused by absence of the necessities of real living, all forms of abnormal sex life and of disease and unhappiness are fostered.

Mr. Fielding's book is not intended for adolescents but for mature minds to whom the problem is a real one, either in its personal, or social, or family aspects. The very complete and well classified bibliography of nearly twenty pages is also a valuable aid to students of the subject. SUSAN QUACKENBUSH.

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"'The details of the winning of these idle acres to production, by this race of vegetarians out of old Russia, reads like thrilling chapters in a tale of adventure. We discovered in our visits to their broad farms a spirit of modernity, a grasp of improved methods in setting trees, in pruning, in the saving of land in the giant irrigation systems, in their fine houses, and in the general air of industry.

"'Stepping off the train, say, at Brilliant, B. C., is like lifting the curtain on a succession of picturesque Biblical and Euro-Asiatic scenes—the women in full short skirts, kerchiefs over their heads, usually barefooted, occupied with their business of crop-growing or reaping with a stanch heartiness—the peasant women of the Millet type.

"'The houses of the settlement are not clumped together into a village, but are perhaps half a mile apart. Each house is, however, called a village, since it shelters from thirty to fifty people. Each village has its own barns, its Russian bathhouse, its storerooms furnished with neat rows of bins for white, red or black beans, millet, clover seed, wheat, flaxseed, etc. The plan of the villages is to have the two dwelling houses face south, while the storehouses, workrooms, harnessrooms, washrooms and bathhouses are built in single file under one roof, enclosing a big yard on the north, east and west ends. By this plan the outhouses act as a wind and snow break in winter and constitute at all times a shelter to the great yard.

Two women are appointed each week to do the cooking for the family, leaving the rest free for outdoor work. They sift millet seed for porridge, and for bean-shelling a tripod with a suspended sieve is set up. The women have happy faces and gentle manners. Their work is conducted in a very dignified manner. Spinning wheels are handy and at intervals they sit down to spin in the yard or by the doorstep.

"'A mile or two from the railroad station is a cleared place with the earth beaten harder than in any of the yards. It is a primitive Old World threshing floor, such as might be found in any of the wheat growing regions of southern Russia, and such a one as Tolstoy has introduced into his tales of Russian life with such telling dramatic effect.

"'A typical meal begins with soup, in which every vegetable one can think of, with the exception of beets, appears. The soup is supplied with the necessary fats by a generous use of butter. There is plenty of brown bread to be eaten with the soup, which is drunk from hand-made wooden spoons. This is followed by a salad of tomatoes fresh from the vines, and crisp cucumbers. Then follows a dish of sliced potatoes and cauliflower fried together in butter and then baked in the oven. For dessert they may have honey from their own apiaries, a millet pudding with cream, carrot or bean tarts with flaky pastry from home-made flour, plenty of fruit in season, and always jam and cups of delicious Russian tea.

"'The menu ignores meat, yet is quite as comprehensive of variety as the average menu at home. Indeed, these people are prodigal with good things to eat. Their meals are big, hearty affairs, and anyone partaking of them will finish unconscious of the fact that a meat has not been served.

"'These vegetarians are very fond of flowers and plant them in every niche and corner. One comes upon them bordering the peach orchard, the millet patch, the melon vines. One wonders why they are quite so generous in the matter of seeds till he remembers the bees—the flowers supply nectar for the honey. The most successful of the bee masters is little Mischa, a boy of thirteen. Asked if he were not afraid the bees would sting him, he answered sweetly, "No, the bees are my friends."'"

The Literary Digest.

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